## "SHREWSBURY"

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

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On that the man with the wand stood side-still a little doubtfully-and let us pass, and, my patron preceding me, we went up a wide staircase and along a silent corridor and through one or two swing doors, the duke seeming to be conversant with the house. It was impossible not to admire the somber richness of the carved furniture, which stood here and there in the corridor, or the grotesque ded Mogul idols that peered from the corrers or rose boldly on brackets. Such a mode of furnishing was new to me, but

maintaining that these were assumed less as a shield against the malice of his enemies than as a clock to abate the familiarity of his friends.

And certainly some, in speaking of nim of late years, belittle his birth no less than his exploits when they call him Dutch William and the like, speaking in terms unworthy of a sovereign and as if he had

his exploits when they can him Duten William and the like, speaking in terms unworthy of a sovereign, and as if he had drawn his blood from that merchant race, instead of—as the fact was—from the princely houses of Stuart, Bourbon, Nassau and Medici, and from such ancestors as the hoble Coligny and King Charles the Martyr. But of his birth enough.

For the rest, having a story to tell and not history to write, I refrain from recalling how great he was as a statesman, how resourceful as a strategist, how indomiresourceful as a strategist, how indomitable as a commander, how vallant when occasion required in the pitched field. Nor is it necessary, seeing that before the rise of my Lord Marlborough (who still survives, but alas, quantum mutatus ab illo!) he had no rival in any of these capacities, nor in the first will ever be excelled.

Nor, as a fact, looking on him in the flesh as I then did for the first time, can I say

as I then did for the first time, can I say that I saw anything to betoken greatness or the least outside evidence of the fler mode of furnishing was new to me, but neither its novelty nor the evidences of wealth and taste which abundantly met the eye impressed me so deeply as the stillness which everywhere prevailed, and which seemed so much a part of the place that when his grace opened the second that when his grace opened the second least trace of this, but only a plain, thin,



swing door and the shrill, piping voice of a child crowing and laughing in an ecstasy of infantile pleasure, came forth and met us. I started as if a gun had exploded. I know now that the sound, by giving my patron assurance that he whom he sought was not there, but in his closet, led to my admission, and that without that assuradmission, and that without that assur-ance my lord would have left me to wait at the door. As it was he said nothing to me, but went on; and by following him in my innocence through the doorway, came my innocence through the deorway, came at the same moment he did on a scene as rare as it is by me well remembered.

We stood on the threshold of a wide and splendid gallery, set here and there with great china vases, and hung with pictures which even then I discerned to be of great beauty, and afterward learned were of no less rarity. Letting my eyes travel down this vista, they paused naturilly at a spot this vista, they paused naturally at a spot-under one of the windows where, with his back to us and ribbons in his hands, a slight gentleman beyond middle age, and dressed in black, ambled and paced in front of a child four or five years old. The wintry sunlight, which fell in cold bars on the floor, proved his progress to be more showy than real, newertheless the child shrieked in its joy, and, dancing, jerked the ribbons and waved a little whip, in re-sponse to which the gentleman, whose long

sponse to which the gentleman, whose long curled periwig bobbed oddly on his shoulders—he had his back to us—pranced more stoutly, though on legs a little thin and little thinking on what I gazed, nor was it until a gentleman seated at a side table not far from the pair rose hurriedly from his chair and with a guttural exclamation came toward us, that I remarked this third occupant of the gallery. When I did so it was to discern that he was angry, and that my lord was taken aback and disturbed. It even seemed to me that my patron made a hasty movement to withdraw. Before he a hasty movement to withdraw. could do so, however, or I, who behind him barred the way, could take the hint, the gentleman in black, warned of our presence by the other's exclamation, turned to us, and still standing and holding the rib-

bons in his hands, looked at us.

He had a long, sallow face, which seemed the sallower for the dark, heavy wig that fell round it; a large hooked nose and full peevish lips, with eyes both bright and morose. I am told that he seldom smiled, and never laughed, and that while the best tales of King Charles's court passed round him, he would stand abstracted, or on occa-sion wither the teller by a silent nod. The court wits who dubbed my Lord Notting-ham Don Dismallo could find no worse title for him. Yet that he had a well of humor, deeply hidden and rarely drawn upon, no one could doubt who saw him ap-proach us, a flicker of dry amusement in

his eyes giving the lie to his pursed-up lips and the grimness of his visage. "Your grace is always welcome," he said. speaking in English, a little broken and guttural. "And yet—you might have come more apropos, I confess.'

more apropos, I confess."

"A thousand pardons, sir," my lord answered, bowing until his knee well nigh touched the ground. "I thought that you were in your closet, sir, or I should have taken your pleasure before I intruded."
"But you have news?"

"Ha! And this person"-he looked fixedly at me-"is concerned."
"Then, my Lord Buck," and he turned and addressed the child who was still tug-ging at the ribbons, "il faut partir! Do you hear me? You must go. Go, petit vaurien! I have business The child looked at him boldly. "Faut-" said he.
"Oui! Oui! Say merci, and go."

"Merci, monsieur," the boy answered. And then to us with a solemn nod, "J'ai eu sa majeste for my chevaux!"
"Cheval! Cheval!" corrected the gentle-man in black. "And be off."

Apprised by what I heard not only that I

stood in the galiery of Kensington court-a mansion which his majesty had lately bought from Lord Nottingham and mad his favorite residence—but that the gentle-man in black whom I had found so simply employed was no other than the king him self. I ask you to imagine with what inter-est I looked upon him. He, whom the old King of France had dubbed in bitter deri-"little squire of Breda," and o revolutions had successively created Stadtholder of Holland and severeign of these isles, was at this time forty-six years old, already prematurely bent, and a prey to the asthma which afflicted his later life. Reserved in manner and somber, not to say melancholy, in aspect, hiding strong passions behind a pale mask of stoicism, as chilling to his friends as it was baffling to his enemies, he was such as a youth spent under the eyes of watchful foes and a manhood in the prosecution of weighty and secret designs made him. Descended on the one side from William the Silent, on the other from the Great Henry of France, he was thought to exhibit in more moderate degree the virtues and fail-ings which marked those famous princes, and to represent, not in blood only, but in his fortunes, the two soldiers of the sixtegnth century whose courage in disaster and skill in defeat still passed for a proverb; who, frequently beaten in the held, not seldom garnered the fruits of the campaign, and rose, Antaeus-like, stronger from every fall.

That, in all stations, as a private person, a stadtholder and a king, his lat majesty remembered the noble sources whence he sprang was proved. I think, not only by toes of his house: "Saevus tranquillus in Undis" and "Tandem fit Surculus arbor" whereof the former was borne, I have read, by the Taciturn, and the latter by Maurice of Nassau—but by two other particulars which I crave leave to mention. The first was that more majorum he took naturally and from the first the lead as the champion of the Protestant religion in Europe; the second, that though he had his birth in a republic, and was called to be king by republic, and was called to be king by election (so that it was no uncommon thing for some of his subjects to put slights upon him as little more than their equal; aye, and though he had to bear such afronts in gilence), he had the true spirit and pride of a king born in the purple and by right divine, insomuch that many attributed to this the gloom and reserve of his manners,

grave and rather peevish gentleman, in black and a large wig, who coughed much between his words, spoke with a foreign accent, and often lapsed into French or

some strange tongue.

He waited until the door had fallen to behind the child and the long gallery lay silent, and then bade my lord speak. "I breathe better here," he said. "I hate small rooms. What is the news you have

"No good news, sir," my patron answered. "And yet I can scarcely call it bad. In the country it will have a good effect." "Bien! But what is it?"

"Hen! But what is it?"
"I have seen Ferguson, sir."
"Then you have seen a d—d scoundrel!"
the king exclaimed, with an energy I had not expected from him, and, indeed, such outbreaks were rare with him. "He is ar-

rested, then?"
"No, sir," the duke answered. "I trust, however, that he will be before night."
"But if he be free, how came you in his company?" the king asked, somewhat

sharply.

My lord hesitated and seemed for a moment at a loss how to answer. Being behind him, I could not see his face, but I fan-cied that he grew red, and that the fourth person present, a stout, burly gentleman marked with the smallpox, who had ad vanced and now stood near the king, was hard put to it not to smile. At last, "I received a letter, sir," my lord said, speaking stiffly, and with contsraint, "purporting to come from a third person—"
"Ah!" said the king, drawling the word

"I was induced," my lord said, doggedly, "to give the villain a meeting. And learned, sir, partly from him and partly from this man here"—this more freely—"enough to corroborate the main particulars of Mr. Prendergast's story."
"Ah!" said the king. "Good! And the particulars?"

"That Sir George Barclay, the person mentioned by Mr. Prendergast, is giving nightly rendezvous in Covent Garden to persons, mainly from France, who are being formed by him into a band, the design, as stated by Prendergast, to fall on your majesty's person in the lane between Ful-hem Green and the river on your return from hunting."

from hunting."
"Does he agree as to the names?" the king asked, looking at me.
"He knows no names, sir," the duke answered, "but he saw a number of the conspirators at the Seven Stars in Covent Gar-

spirators at the Seven Stars in Covent Garden last night, and heard them speak openly of a hunting party, with other things pointing the same way."

"He can speak to a person who I think can be identified as Barclay," my lord answered. "He cannot speak to Charnock—"

"That is the Oxford man?"

"Yes six—or Porter or King or the other.

"Yes, sir—or Porter, or King, or the others by those names, but he can speak to two of them under the names by which

Prendergast said that they were passing."
"Volla! It does not seem to me to be so simple," the king said, with a touch of im-"What is this person's name, and who is he?"

The duke told him, and that I had been

The duke told him, and that I had been Ferguson's tool.

"That rogue is in it, then?"

"He is privy to it," the duke answered. His majesty shrugged his shoulders, as if the answer annoyed him. "You English draw fine distinctions," he said. "Whatever you do, however, let us have no repetition of the Lancashire flasco. You will bear that in mind, my lord, if you please. Another of Taafe's pseudo plets would do us more harm in the country than the loss of a battle in Flanders. Faugh! We have knaves at home, but you have a breed here—your Oateses and your Taafes and your Fullers—for whom breaking on the wheel is too good."

"There are rogues, sir, in all countries,"

There are rogues, sir, in all countries," my lord answered, somewhat tartly. "I do not know that we have a monopoly of

"The Duke of Shrewsbury is right there, sir," the gentleman behind the king who had not yet spoken struck in, in a goodnatured tone. "They are things of which natured tone. "They are things of which

"Taisez! Taisez!" cried the king, brusque ly, cutting short his reminiscences, whereat the gentleman, smiling imperturbably, took snuff. "Tell me this. Is Sir John Fenwick implicated?"

snuff. "Tell me this. Is Sir John Fenwick implicated?"

"There may be evidence against him," my lord answered, cautiously.

The king sneered openly. "Yes," he said, "I see Porter and Goodman and Charnock are guilty. But when it touches one of yourselves, my lord, then "There is evidence against him, or 'It is a case of suspicion,' or—Oh, you all hang together!" and pursing up his lips, he looked sourly at us. "You all hang together," he repeated. "I stand to be shot at—c'est dommage. But touch a noble, and Gare la Noblesse!"

"You do us an injustice, sir!" my lord cried, warmly. "I will answer for it—"

"Oh, I do you an injustice, do I?" the king said, disregarding his last words. "Of course I do! Of course, you are all faithcourse I do! Of course, you are all faithful, most faithful. You have all taken the oaths. But I tell you, my Lord Shrewsbury, the king to whom you swear allegiance, the king crowned in '89, was not William III, but Noblesse I! La Noblesse! Yes, my lord, you may look at me, and as angry as you like, but it was so. Par dieu et diable, you tie my hands. You tie my hands, you cling to my sword, you choke my purse. I had as much power in Holland as I have here. And more! And more!" oaths. But I tell you, my Lord Shrewsbury,

land as I have here. And more! And more!"

He would have gone further, and with the same candor, I think, but at that the gentleman who had interrupted him before struck in again, addressing him rapidly in what I took to be Dutch, and doubtless pointing out the danger of too great openness. At any rate, I took that to be the gist of his words, not only from his manner, but from the fact that when he had done—the king looked gloomy and answered nothing—he turned to my lord.

"The king trusts your grace," he said, bluntly. "He has never said as much to an Englishman before. I am sure that the trust is well placed, and that his majesty's feelings will go no further."

feelings will go no further."

The duke bowed. "Your majesty authorizes me to take the necessary steps, then,"

he said, speaking somewhat dryly, but otherwise ignoring what had passed. "to secure your safety, sir, as well as to arrest the guilty? No time should be lost. Warrants should be issued immediately, and these persons taken up."

"Before Ferguson can warn them." the king said, in his ordinary tone. "Tes, see to it, my lord, and let the council be recalled. The guards, too, should be doubled, and the regiment Prendergast mentioned displaced. Cutts must look to that, and do you, my lord," he continued rapidly, adyou, my lord," he continued rapidly, addressing the gentleman beside him, whom I now conjectured to be Lord Portland, "fetch him hither, and lose no time. Take one of my coaches. It is a plot, if all be true, which should do us good in the country. And that, I think, is your grace's continue?"

"It should, sir. Doubtless, sir, we English have our faults, but we are not fond of assassins." of assassins."

"And are you confident that this is no bubble?" the king said, thoughtfully.

bubble?" the king said, thoughtfully.
"Yes, sir, I am."
By this time Lord Portland had withdrawn through a door at the further end of the gallery. The king had taken a turn this way and that, with his hands clasped behind him, and his head bent low, so that his great wig almost hid his features, seemed to be lost in thought. After waiting a moment the duke coughed, and this failing to attract the king's attention, he falling to attract the king's attention, he ventured to address him. "There is another matter I have to mention to you, sir," he said, with a touch of constraint in

his tone.

The king paused in his walk and looked sharply at him. "Ah, of course," he said, nodding. "Did you see Lord Middleton?"

The duke could not hide a start. "Lord Middleton, sir?" he faltered.

The king smiled coldly. "The letter," he said, "was from him, I suppose?"

My lord rallied himself. "No, sir, it was not," he answered, with a flash of spirit. "It purported to be from him."

"Yet you went—wherever you went—thinking to see him?" his majesty continthinking to see him?" his majesty contin-

ued, smiling rather disagreeably.
"I did," my lord answered, his tone betraying his agitation. "But to do nothing to the prejudice of your service, sir, and what I could to further your interests-short of giving him up. He is my rela-

tive."
The king shrugged his shoulders.
"And for years," my lord cried warmly,
"was my intimate friend."
The king shrugged his shoulders again.
"We have fought that out before," he said,
with a sigh of weariness. "And more than
once. For the rest, in that connection and
whatever others may say, Lord Shrewsbury
has no ground to complain of me."

has no ground to complain of me."
"I have cause, sir, to do far otherwise!"
th duke answered in a tone suddenly
changed and so full of emotion that it was not difficult to discern that he had forgotten my presence, which was not wonderful, as I stood behind him in the shadow of the doorway, whither out of modesty I had retreated. "God knows I remember it," he continued. "Were it not for that—if I were not bound to your meisty by more were not bound to your majesty by more than common ties of gratitude, I should not be today in a service which—for which I am unfit. The daily duties of which, performed by other men with indifference or appetite, fill me with pity and distaste! The risks attending which—I speak without ceremony, sir-make me play the coward with myself a hundred times a day!" "Caesar," the king said quietly, "lets none but Caesar call him coward!"

Kindly as the words were uttered, and in a tone differing much from that which the king had hitherto used, the duke took no king had hitherto used, the duke took no heed of them. "Others wish for my place; Ged knows I wish they had it!" he cried, his agitation growing rather than decreasing. "Every hour, sir, I pray to be quit of the faction and perjury in which I live! Every hour I loathe more deeply the work I have to do and the people with whom I have to do it. I never go to my office but my gorge rises; nor leave it but I see the end. And yet I must stay in it! I must stay in it! I tell you, sir," he continued impetuously, "on the day that you burned those letters you but fixed me from one slavery to fling me into another!" slavery to fling me into another!

'Yet an honest one!" said the king in a a right to say that, sir. But if any one else—or, no I—I forgot myself!"
"Something has disturbed you," said the "Something has disturbed you," said the king, intervening with much kindness. "Take time! And in the meanwhile listen to me. As to the general distaste you express for my service, I will not, and I do not, do you the injustice to attribute it—whatever you say yourself—to your fears of what may happen in a possible event; I mean l'ancien regime restitue.

and nodding dry comprehension.

"On the faith of which, believing it to be from that other—if you understand, sir—"
"I understand perfectly," said the king, and he coughed.

"In the part of the possible event; I such fears weighed so heavily with you, you would neither have signed the invitation to me nor come to me eight years ago. But I take it, with perhaps some apprehensions. of this kind, you have—and this is the real gist of the matter—a natural distaste for affairs and a natural proneness to be on good terms with all, rogues as well as good men. It irks you to sign a death warrant, to send one to Newgate and another to to send one to Newgate and another tobah, I forget the names of your prisons; to
know that your friends abroad are not as
well placed at St. Germains as they were at
St. James! You have no care to push an
advantage, no anxiety to ruin a rival; you
would rather trust a man than bind him.
In a word, my lord, you have no taste for
public life in dangerous and troubled times
such as these; although, perforce, you have
played a high part in it."
"Sir!" the duke cried, with an anxiety
and eagerness that touched me, "you
know me better than I know myself. You
see my failings, my unfitness, and surely.

see my failings, my unfitness, and surely seeing them so clearly, you will not refuse

"Release you," the king said, smiling That does not follow. For consider, my lord, you are not the only one in the world lord, you are not the only one in the world who pursues perforce a path for which he has little taste. To be King of England has a higher sound than to the stadtholder of Holland. But to be a king and no king, to see your way clearly, and be thwarted by those who see no foot in the field; to have France by the throat and be baffled for the lack of 10,000 men or 1,000,000 guilders; above all, to be served by men who have made use of you—who have one foot on either whore and having between their on either shore, and having betrayed their old master to gain their ends, would now betray you to save their necks-this, too



"To Take the Air."

"In fine, my lord," he continued, "to be high, or what the world calls high, is to be unhappy."

The duke sighed. "You, sir, have those qualities which fit you for your part," he said, sadly. "I have not."
"Have I?"

"Have I?"

The king said no more, but the gesture with which he held out his hands, as if he bade the other mark his feebleness, his short breath, his hacking cough, his pallor, had nore meaning than many words. "No, my lord," he continued, after a pause, "I cannot release you. I cannot afford to release you, because I cannot afford to lose the one man who does not day by day betray me—and who never has betrayed me."

If would to heaven," the duke cried, much moved, "that you could say that."

If can, my friend," the-king answered, with a gesture of kindness. "It was nothing, and it is forgotten. I have long ceased to think of it. But c'est vrai. I remember, when I say I can just no one else, I do my good Somers an injustice. He is a dry man, however, like myself, and poor company, and so does not count for much."

My lord, contending with his feeling, did not answer, and the king, who, while speaking, had seated himself in a high-backed chair, in which he looked fraifier and more feeble than when on his legs, let a minute elapse before he resumed, in a different and brisker tone. "And now tell me, what has troubled our mood servers." minute elapse before he resumed, in a different and brisker tone. "And now tell me, what has troubled our good secretary

"The Duke of Berwick, sir, is in London."
To my astonishment, and, I have so doubt, to the duke's, the king merely nedded. "Ah," he said, "is he in this pretty plot, then?"
"I think not," the duke answered. "But I should suppose."

I should suppose—"
"The he here to take advantage of it,"
the his said. Well, he is his under own
utphes I suppose Ferguson sold him, as
he has old ever one all his life."
"Yes, ir. Bushot, I think, with the intention that I sould carry out the bargain."

"Eh?"
"It is a long tale, sir," the duke said rather searly? 'And having awen your majors the information.—"
"You seed not ell the tale! Well, no, for I can gless it! the king answered. "The old rogue, I suppose, was for rulning you with me if you hid the news, and for damning you with me if you hid the news, and for damning you with Ki g James if you informed, which attest he did not think likely, but that instead he would have a Loid on you."

The duke, is a tone of much surprise, acknowledged that he had guessed rightly.
"Well, it was a very pretty dilemma." said the king, with a sort of gusto. "And where is M. Fitzjames in hiding?"

"At Dr. Lloyd's in Hogsden Garlens," my lord answered. But he could not conceal his gloom.

"At Dr. Lloyd's in Hogsden Garlens," my lord answered. But he could not conceal his gloom.
"He must be arrested," said the king. "A warrant must be issued. Will you see to it with the others?"

My lord assented, but with such a sigh that it required no wizard to discern both the cloud that hung over him, and also that now he had done what Ferguson had dared him to do, the consequence lay heavy on him. The king, after considering him a moment, with a singular expression, bemoment, with a singular expression, be-tween amusement and reproach, broke the

"See here, my lord," he said, with good "See here, my lord," he said, with good nature. "I will tell you what to do. Sit down now and here and write a line to monsieur, bidding him begone, and send it by a private hand, and the warrant by a messenger an hour later."

The duke stared at the king in astonishment "Put he will escence sir." he fal-

nent. "But he will escape; sir," he fal-'So much the better," the king answer ed indifferently. "If we take him, what are we to do with him? Besides, to tell you the truth, my lord, he did me a great service eight years ago."

"Yes," said the king, smiling. "He induced his father to fly the country, when if he had stayed—but you know that story. So do you warn him, and the sooner he is beyond La Manche the better." Still the duke looked unhappy. "I dare

not do it, sir," he said at last, after pause.
"Dare not do it? When I authorize it? "No, sir; because if I were impeached by

the commons—"
The king shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, these safeguards!" he muttered. "These own councils and provincial councils and states general! And now these commons and lords! Shall I ever be quit of them? Well, there is but one way, then: I must do it. If they impeach me I go back to Loo; and they may stew in their ewn juice!"

He rose with that, and, moving stiffly to the table at which Lord Portland had been writing when he entered, he sought for and found a pen. Then sitting in the chair, which the groom of the stole had left vacant, he tore a slip of paper from a folio before him, and, writing some lines on it— about six, as far as I could judge—handed the paper to the duke, who had remained standing at a formal distance.

"Volla, monsieur," he said. "Will that suit your lordship?"

The duke took it respectfully and looked

at it. "But, sir, it is in my name!" he cried, aghast. "And bears my signature."
"Eh, blen, why not?" his majesty answered lightly. "The name is the name of swered lightly. "The name is the name o Jacob, but the hand is the hand of Esau Take it and send it by a trusty messenger Perhaps the man who came with you, and you—pheugh, my lord, I had forgotten that

this person was here! We have spoken too

turned and the face of dismay and anger with which he gazed on me were proof enough that he shared the king's opinion, as he had shared his mistake. For a mo ment, the two glaring at me with equal dis-gust and vexation, I thought I should sink into the floor. Then the king beckened to me to come forward. And I obeyed him.

The odd and unexpected glimpse of generosity which the king had allowed to escape him in his interview with the duke wise have entertained at that moment. To which must be added that I am one of those who, when violence and physical danger are not in question, retain a fair mastery of their minds. Nevertheless, I

But the thing took a turn which relieved me when I least expected it. As I ap-proached, the chagrin in the king's face proached, the chagrin in the king's face gave place to a look of surprise; and that again, but more slowly, to one of intelligence. "Ah, Je me trompais!" he muttered rapidly. "What did you say his name

"Price," the duke answered, continuing to glower at me.
"Price?" Ah, cela va sans dire! But—he is a cadet-a dependent? He is some way

connected—how do you say it—related to your family?"
"To mine, sir!" the duke exclaimed in a voice of the utmost astonishment; and he drew himself up as if the king had pricked him.
"N'est-ce pas ca?" his majesty replied

looking from one to the other of us. "Yet he has so much a look of you that it might be possible in some lights to take him for possible in some lights to take him for your grace were he differently dressed!"

The duke looked purely offended. "Your majesty is under a strange misapprehension," he said, very stiffly. "If this person resembles me—of which I was not aware—I know nothing of the cause, and the likeness for what it is worth must be accelness, for what it is worth, must be accidental. As a fact, I never saw him but once before in my life, sir, and that perfectly by chance." And he very briefly related the circumstances under which we

came together.

The king listened to the story, but as it he scarcely believed it; and he smiled when the duke came to tell how he allowed me to escape. Then, "And you have seen him from that day to this?"

incredulously.
"Never!" said the duke, positively. "But it is not my intention to lose sight of him

'Ah!" the king said. "Ah!" the king said.
"I have not told you, sir, all that happened," the duke continued, reading, I
think, the king's thoughts. "But, briefly,
Mr. Ferguson, who has come to be little
short of a made man, drew a pistol on me at the close of our interview, and but for his friend here—who had been placed to listen, but at that broke from his place of hiding and knocked up the muzzle so that it exploded harmlessly—I should have come

"And I not much better," the king said, nodding and looking grave. "You are unhurt?

"Yes, sit."
"Well, that puts another face on it, and if you retain him beside you, what he has now heard will be of the less importance. Hark you, my friend," he continued, addressing me, "can you keep your mouth shut?"

shut?"
I said numbly that I could and would.
"Then, taisez, taisez," he answered, emphatically. "And take this letter to Hogsden Gardens to Bishop Lloyd's. See Bishop Lloyd and put it in his hands. Say nothing, give no message, but go to your mas-ter's in St. James' square. Will you seal it, duke, with a plain seal? Good. And go

ter's in St. James' square. Will you seal it, duke, with a plain seal? Good. And go you out, man, by the way you came in, and answer no questions. And now for the council and the warrants, my lord. We have lost too mutch time already."

To say that I went from the presence without knowing how I did it, and when I reached the courtyard had no more idea how I had gained it or by what staircase I had descended than if I had been blind, is but the truth; nor is it to be wondered at when the amazing thing which had happened to me is in the least degree taken into consideration. In truth, I walked on air and saw nothing, I was so deeply overjoyed; and though it is certain that as I went out I met one and another, passed the sentries and ran the gauntlet of curious eyes—for who that quits a court escapes that ordeal—I was no more conscious of the observations made upon me, or the surprise I excited as I went by, that if I had really walked in the clouds. Issuing from the gates, I took by instinct rather than design the road to London, and hugging to my breast the letter which the king—the king—had intrusted to me, made the best of my way toward Tybura.

I had been wiser had I gone by the other road through the village, and taken the

had to go, or the time I should consume in walking. My main anxiety for the moment was to be alone, alone and at leisure to probe my fortune and success, and appreciate both the relief and the good luck I had compassed. I could have sung as I walked; I could have skipped and danced; and a gleam of sunshine breaking the March sky and gilding the leafless arms of the trees and the flat green pastures that bordered the road north of Hyde Park, I was moved to raise my hat and look upward and reverently thank providence for this wonderful instance of its goodness, which I had not had the heart to do for some time. when I descended a little to earth, a step

When I descended a little to earth, a step which was hestened by a flash of recollection that showed me Ferguson's niece waiting at Clerkenwell gate, a little figure forlorn and desolate, yet with eyes of wrath and a face puckered with determination—when I came, I say, a little to myself and to think of Hogsden Gardens, and remembered that it lay on the farther side of town by Bunhill Fields, I was already at Tyburn turning, and it seemed to be no longer worth while to ride. The day was on the wane, and the road thence to St. Giles' pound was lively with persons come cut to take the air; through whom I threaded my way at a good pace, and coming to Holborn without mishap, turned up Cow lane and so got speedily to Smithfield and across the market to Long lane, knowing my way so far without having need to ask.

ask.

Here, however, I took sudden fright. My mind, which, as I walked, had been busy with the girl and the steps I should take to find her-if, indeed, I wished to find her, about which I was puzzled, the surrounding circumstances being so different—was invaded by the notion that I had been long on the road. To this was added next moment the reflection that messengers sent ment the reflection that messengers sent to arrest the duke could, by taking a coach, forestall me. The thought threw me into a hot fit, which increased on me when I considered that I did not know the remainder of the read and might worst be with the feet of the read and might worst be seen that it is the contract of the read and might worst be seen that it is the contract of the read and might worst be seen to be seen that it is the contract of the read and might worst be seen to be seen t sidered that I did not know the remainder of the road, and might waste much time in tracing it. Naturally, my first impulse in this strait was to seek a guide, but Long lane by Smithfield is only one degree better than Whetstone Park, and I shrank from applying to the sots and drabs, who steed at the doors and corners or lounged out of the patched windows and lazily or rudely watched me go by.

rudely watched me go by.

In this difficulty, and growing the more diffident and alarmed the more slowly I walked, I looked about eagerly for some person of passable aspect of whom I person of passable aspect of whom I could inquire. I saw none, and my uncertain glances and loitering step were begintain glances and loitering step were beginning to draw on me advances and an attention that were anything but welcome, when, reaching a corner where an alley, now removed—and I think it was then called Dog alley—runs out of Long lane, I saw a man, decently habited, come out of a house a little way down the alley. He closed the door sharply behind him, and as I looked, went off in the opposite direction. Here was my opportunity Without less.

Here was my opportunity. Without los-ing a moment I ran after him, and he, hearing my steps, turned, and we came face to face. Then, when it was too late to retreat, I saw with unutterable dismay that the man I had stopped was no stranger, but the person who had dressed me up the night before and taken me to the mysterious house in the suburbs—the man called Smith, whom I had first seen under the piazza in Covent Garden, and against the the piazza in Covent Garden, and again in Ferguson's room.

To come face to face with any one of the

gang, with the knowledge that I had but now left the palace after informing against them, was of itself enough to make my knees tremble under me. But of this man, though his civil treatment had been in pleasant contrast to Ferguson's brutality. had conceived an instinctive dread; bas as much on his silence and reserve and a sort of quiet power with which I credited him, as on his contemptuous treatment of my tyrant. In a word, had I come on Fer-guson himself, I could scarcely have been nore overcome.

more overcome.

On hearing my footsteps he had turned on me very sharply, with the air of a man who had no mind to be followed and no taste for followers. But on seeing who it was, his face grew light, and he whistled his surprise. "I was on my way to you," he said, "and here you are. That is good luck. I suppose Ferguson sent you?"

"No," I said, avoiding his eyes, and wondering with inward quakings what was going to happen to me. "I—I lost my road."

road."

"Oh!" said he, and looked keenly at me.
"Lost your road, did you? Well, it was very much to the purpose as it happened.
May I ask where you were going?"

I shifted my feet uneasily. "To Bunhill Blade." I said naming the first place of Fields," I said, naming the first place of which I could think.

"Ah" he answered, with apparent care-lessness; and though it seemed scarcely possible he should fail to observe the heat mastery of their minds. Nevertheless, I am free to confess that as I went forward I wished myself anywhere else in the world, and would have sacrificed half my remaining economies to be seated, pen in hand, and obscurely safe in Mr. Brome's room.

But the thing took a turn which relieved after me?"

> "No," I said. "No," I said.
>
> "Nor his errand that brought you here?"
> "No," I said again, my mouth dry. "And I need not give you the trouble to come with me. I shall be taking you—"
>
> "Out of my way? Not at all," he answered, briskly. "And it is no trouble. Come along, my friend."
>
> I dared say no more, nor show farther reluctance; and so, with feet like lead and eves roving furtively for a way of escape.

eyes roving furtively for a way of escape, I turned and went with him. Nay, it was not my feet only that were weighted; the letter, and my consciousness of it, lay so heavy on my mind it was like lead in the

I was indeed in a strait now! And in one so difficult I could discern no way out of it; for though I could in part, and in part only, command my countenance, I failed absolutely to command my thoughts, which did nothing but revolve tumultuously about the words, "What am I to do? What am I to do?" Words that seemed written in I to do?" Words that seemed written in red letters on my brain. Only one thing was clear to me in the confusion, and that was the urgent necessity I lay under of hiding my errand, the disclosure of which must carry with it the disclosure of the place whence I came and the company I had been keeping. With time to think, and coolness to distinguish, I should doubtless have seen the possibility of announcing my errand to the duke, yet laying it on Ferguson's shoulders; but pushed for time and unable at a pinch to weigh all the issues, I could form no determination, much issues, I could form no determination, much less one leading to so daring a step. After one denial, that is.

In the meantime we moved on; and at

In the meantime we moved on; and at first my companion seemed to be unconscious of my sluggish pace and my perturbation. But presently I felt rather than saw that from minute to minute he glanced at me askance, and that after each of these inspections he laughed sliently. The knewledge that I lay under these observations immeasurably increased my embarrassment; I could no longer put a fair face on the matter, but every time he looked at on the matter, but every time he looked at me looked away guiltly, unable to support his eyes. This presently grew so insupportable that to escape from my embar-rassment I coughed and affected to choke. "You have a cold, I am afraid," he said, scarcely concealing the sneer in his tone. "And yet you look warm. You must have walked fast, my friend?"
I muttered that I had.

"To overtake me, perhaps? It was good of you," he said in the same tone of secret badinage. "But we are here. What part of the fields do you want? Whitecross

"No," I muttered. "Then it must be Baxter's rents."
"No." "Bunhill row?"

"No."
"No? Well, there is not much else here,"
he said, and he shrugged his shoulders.
"Except the fields and the burial ground.
Your business does not lie with the latter,
I suppose?"
"No," I said faintly. And we stood.
At another time I must have shuddered

I suppose?"
"No," I said faintly. And we stood.
At another time I must have shuddered at the dreary expanse that on this nethermost fringe of the town stretched before us under a waning light, an expanse of waste land broken only by the wall of the burial ground or the chimney of a brick kiin, and bordered, where its limits were visible, by half-built houses and squatters' huts and vast piles of refuse. Ugly as the prospect was, however, and far from reassuring to the timorous, I asked nothing better than to look at it, and look at it, and continue to look at it. But Mr. Smith, who did not understand this mood, turned with an impatient laugh.
"I suppose that you did not come here to look at that," said he.

Like a fool I jumped at the absurd, the filmsy, pretext. "Yes," I said. "I—I merely came to take the air."

The moment the words were spoken I trembled at my andacity. But he took it better than I expected, for he merely paused to stare at me and then chuckled grimly. "Well," he said, "then now that you have taken the air, let us go back. Have

"I will come with you," he continued. "I want to see Ferguson, and we can settle my business there."

But this only presented to me a dreadful vision of Ferguson, released from his bonds, and mad with rage and the desire to avenge himself, and I stopped short. "I am not going there," I said.

"No? Then where, may I ask, are you going?" he answered, watching me with a placid amusement, which made it as clear as the daylight that he saw through my evasions. "Where is it my lord's pleasure to go?"

to go?"
"To Brome's, in Fleet street," I said hoarsely. And if he had had his back to me at that instant and I a knife in my hand, I could have run him through. For as I said it and he, with mocking suavity assented, and we stepped out together to re-turn the way we had come, through Long lane—over which the sky hung low in the dull, yellow haze, the last of the western light—I had a swift and stinging recolleclight—I had a swift and stinging recollec-tion of the king and my lord, and the letter and the passage of time, and could have sprung from his side and poured out curses on him in the impotence of my rage and impatience. For the hour of grace which the king had granted was gone, and a second was passing, and still the letter that should warn the Duke of Berwick lay in my pocket, and I saw no chance of deliver-ing it.

(To be continued).

## ART AND ARTISTS

A good opportunity for the local sculptors to show their mettle is offered in the be held under the direction of the National Sculpture Society. Through the generosity of Mr. T. Kelly, of New York, a prize of \$500 is offered for the best design, and \$250 for the second best. These prizes are not very large in themselves, but they are entirely independent of any compensation which the sculptor might receive for the subsequent reproduction of his design for actual use. In order to give the contestants actual use. In order to give the contestants ample time, the announcement has been made well in advance, and the display of the models will not be made until the Sculpture Society's exhibition in 1808. The competition is open to all, and the designs may be sent in at any time during the months of January and February next. The sundial is, of course, to be placed out of doors, and the effect of the design under the play of the surdight will be an important conof the surlight will be an important consideration.

Since his return from New York, where he spent the past winter in study at the Art Students' League, Mr. Mills Thompson has been taking his vacation at home, save for a flying trip to some other city now and then. He has now gone to Deer Park and expects to remain there some time. Mr. Thompson's posters are perhaps better known here than any other products of his brush, and before leaving the city he finished a very decorative specimen of his work in this line. This effective poster is for Vondel's Lucifer, a work translated from the Dutch, and the three colors that are employed—red, green and black—run riot over the paper. He has studied the display of color so as to give an extremely decorative effect, with due attention to the significance of the subject. For example, significance of the subject. For example, a sun which fills the background with its diverging rays, and is an indication of th high state from which the son of the morn-ing has fallen, is placed directly behind the figure of Lucifer, which is diabolical enough for the heavy villain in Faust.

Mr. Dunbar is now at work finishing a pronze bas relief of Mr. John H. Russell, which is one of his best portraits in low relief. The subject is a good one for the hand of a sculptor. The prominent eyebrows, sheltering deep-set eyes, catch one's attention at once, and the contour of the face, as seen in the profile, is interesting. The beard was excellently modeled in the clay, and came out clear and crisp in the metal casting. An interesting thing about this bas relief is that it is the first bronze that Mr. Dunbar has been able to have cast in the city. Heretofore all such work has been sent elsewhere, but Mr. Ennis, who made this cast here, managed, after sev eral failures, and after receiving the benefit of the sculptor's suggestions, to secure a very fair specimen.

Mrs. Josepha Whitney is with her husband's family at Walnscott, L. I., and has been spending her time in recreation and occasional sketching. While not possessing many natural advantages, Long Island has always been a favorite spot for out-door workers, and the colony of art students at Shinnecock becomes larger every year.

Two of the most promising of the stu dents at the Art League in this city, John C. Clay and Jerome P. Uhl, have been spending the summer months at Inglesmere, Pa., in work which is a source of both pleasure and profit. Both are much interested in, and successful with, pen-andink work, and with the co-operation of others who are equally interested in art they organized a sketch club for figure they organized a sketch club for figure drawing. With the poses frequently given in the open air, they were able to study entirely different effects from the indoor work of the winter, and when not drawing from the figure, had opportunity for any amount of landscape work. Mr. Clay was the scholarship student from the Art Students' League here to the larger institution in New York last year, and both he and Mr. Uhl expect to study there next winter.

Mr. Carl Weller left a few days ago for a sketching trip in the north, and will doubtless bring back, as always, a fine colection of water colors and oils. He will go first to York, Maine, and after a short stay there will leave for East Gloucester, Mass., a visit to which he almost always includes in his summer vacation. There are so many motives there just suited to the breezy aquarelles that he dashes off with such speed and yet with such entire

Miss M. G. Irwin, who has been living in Pittsburg for the past year, returned several weeks ago, and has been experimenting with Washington as a summer resort. She brought with her comparatively few specimens of the work she did in the smoky city, but among these are several very nice examples of china decoraticn, which, together with miniatures, occupied a large part of her time while away. She is especially successful in quaint figure decorations suggestive of Watteau's graceful groups. One effective vase has a beautiful auburn-haired girl upon one side and a dainty violet design upon the other.



RAILROADS.

PESNSTLVANIA RAILROAD.
COENER OF SIXTH AND B STREETS
PITTSBURG EXPRES M, week days. PITISBURG EXPRES
c and Dining Care Harrisburg to Pittsburg.
A.M. PENNSTLYANIA LIMITED.—Put
Sleeping, Dining, Smoking and Observation

Car to Harrisburg. Buffet Parior Car Harrisburg to Pittsburg.

2.40 P.M. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS EXPRESS. Sleeping Car Washington to St. Louis and Sleeping and Dining Cars Harrisburg to St. Louis, Nashville (via Cincinnati) and Chicago.

7.10 P.M. WESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg, Chicago and Harrisburg to Cleveland. Pining Car to Chicago.

7.10 P.M. SOUTHWESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Cars Washington to Pittsburg and Harrisburg to St. Louis and Cincinnati. Dining Car. 10.40 P.M. PACIFIC EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg.

risburg to St. Louis and Cincinnati. Dining Car. 10.40 P.M. PACIFIC EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg.

7.50 A.M. for Kane, Canandaigua, Rochester and Niagara Falls daily, except Sunday.

10.50 A.M. for Elmira and Rehovo daily, except Sunday. For Williamsport daily, 3:40 P.M.

7:10 P.M. for Williamsport daily, 3:40 P.M.

7:10 P.M. for Williamsport daily, except Saturday, with Sleeping Car Washington to Buffalo.

10.40 P.M. for Erie and Elmira daily; for Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls Saturday, with Sleeping Car Washington to Rochester.

POR PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK AND THE EAST.

4.00 P.M. "CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED," daily, all Parlor Cars, with Dining Car from Baltimore. Regular at 7.00 (Dining Car), 8.00, 0.00, 10.00 (Dining Car) and 11.00 (Dining Car from Wilmington) A.M., 12.45, 3.15, 4.20, 6.50, 10.00 and 11.35 P.M. On Surday, 7.00 (Dining Car), 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 (Dining Car from Wilmington) A.M., 12.45, 3.15, 4.20, 6.50, 10.00 and 11.35 P.M. On Surday, 7.00 (Dining Car), 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 (Dining Car from Wilmington) A.M., 12.45, 3.15, 4.20, 6.50, 10.00 and 11.35 P.M. Week days, Express, 12.15 P.M. week days, 201 rad 5.40 P.M. daily, For Boston, without change, 7.50 A.M. week days and 4.20 P.M. daily, For Boston, without change, 7.50 A.M. week days and 4.20 P.M. daily.

change, 7.30 A.M. week daws and 4.20 P.M. daily.
Saratoga Express (Parlor Cart, 9 a.m. week days.
For Battlaore, 6.25, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 10.50, 11.00 A.M., 12.15, 12.45, 12.50, 2.01, 3.15, 8.40 (4.00 Limited), 4.20, 4.3d, 5.40, 6.15, 6.50, 7.10, 10.00, 10.40, 11.15 and 11.35 P.M. On Sunday, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 9.05, 10.50, 11.00 A.M., 12.15, 1.15, 2.01, 3.15, 3.40 (4.00 Limited), 4.20, 5.40, 6.15, 6.50, 7.10, 10.00, 10.40 and 11.35 P.M. For Pope's Creek Line, 7.50 A.M. and 4.36 P.M. daily, except Sunday. Sundays, 9.05 A.M. P.M. daily, except Sunday. Sundays, 9.05 A.M. P.M. daily, except Sunday. Sundays, 9.00 A.M. and 4.20 P.M. daily. except Sunday. 4.20 P.M. Atlantic Coast Line—Express for Florida and points on Atlantic Coast Line, 4.30 A.M., 3.46 P.M. daily; Richmond only, 10.57 A.M. week days; Atlanta Special, via Richmond and Seaboard Air Line, 4.40 P.M. daily, Accommodation for Quantico, 7.45 A.M. daily and 4.25 P.M. week days.

Quantico, 7.45 A.M. daily and 4.25 P.M. week days.

SEASHORE CONNECTIONS.

For Atlantic City (via Delaware River Bridge, allicali route), 11.00 A.M., 3.15 and 11.35 P.M. daily; via Market Street Wharf, 9.00 A.M. (Saturdays only), 10.00, 11.00 A.M. and 12.45 P.M. week days, 11.35 P.M. daily. Sundays only, 22.15 P.M.

For Cape May, 10.00, 11.00 A.M., 12.45 P.M. week days, 11.35 P.M. daily.

Ticket offices, corner 15th and G streets, and at the station, 6th and B streets, where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from hotels and residences.

J. B. HUTCHINSON,

General Manager.

General Pass. Agent.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

Schedule in effect June 5, 1897.

Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey avenue and C st.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited trains, 10:00, 11:45 a.m., 8:05 p.m.

For Chicinonalt, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Express, 11:45 a.m. Vestibuled Limited, 3:49 p.m., Express, 11:30 p.m.

For Pittsburg and Cleveland, Express daily, 10:00 a.m. and 8:50 p.m.

For Columbus, Toledo and Detroit, 11:30 p.m.

For Winchester and way stations, 18:00, 111:45 a.m., 15:30 p.m.

For New Orleans, Memphis, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Bristol and Roanoke, 11:20 p.m. daily; Sleeping Cars through.

For Luray, 3:40 p.m. daily.

For Baltimore, week days, 5:00, 6:30, x7:05, x7:10, x7:30, x8:00, 8:30, x9:30, x10:00, x12:00 a.m., x12:05, x12:40, 13:00, 3:20, 11:15, x11:50 p.m., and x12:01 night. Sundays, x7:05, x7:10, x7:30, 3:20, 4:35, x5:05, x5:10, c:30, x2:0, 1:2:40, 1:20, x3:00, 3:20, 4:35, x5:05, x5:10, c:30, x5:00, x9:20, 11:15, x11:50 p.m., x12:01 night.

For Annapolis, 7:10 and 8:30 a.m., 4:20 night.

For Annapolis, 7:10 and 8:30 a.m., 4:20 night.

For Frederick, week days, 8:00 a.m., 11:45, 4:30, 5:30 p.m. Sundays, 9:00 a.m., and 15: p.m.

For Hagerstown, 10:00 a.m. and 15:30 p.m.

For Hagerstown, 10:00 a.m. and 15:30 p.m.

For Boyd and way points, week days, 8:00 a.m., 1:55, p.m.

For Boyd and way points, week days, 8:00 a.m., 1:55, p.m.

5:30 p.m. Sindays, 9:00 a.m., 11:45 p.m. For Hagerstown, †10:00 a.m. and †5:30 p.m. For Boyd and way points, week days, 8:00 a.m., 1:15 p.m. For Boyd and way points, week days, 8:00 a.m., 1:25, 7:05 p.m. Sundays, 9:00 a.m., 1:15, 7:05 p.m. For Gaithersburg and way points, week days, 8:00, 9:00 a.m., 12:50, 3:00, 4:30, 4:33, 5:30, 5:35, 7:05, 10:15 p.m. Sundays, 9:00 a.m., 1:15, 4:33, 7:05, 10:15 p.m. Sundays, 9:00 a.m., 1:15, 4:33, 7:05, 10:15 p.m. For Washington Junction and way points, 8:00 a.m., 4:30, 5:30 p.m., week days, 9:00 a.m., 1:15 p.m. Sundays, 9:35 a.m., 1:30 and 3:15 p.m. ROYAL BLUE LINE FOR NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

All trains illuminated with Pintsch Hight. For Philadelphia, New York, Boston and the East, week days, 7:05, 8:00, 10:00 a.m., 12:00, (12:40 Dining Car), 3:00, (5:05 Dining Car), (12:01 night; Sleeping Car open at 10:00 o'clock. Sundays, 7:05, 9:00 a.m., (12:40 Dining Car), 12:01 night, Sleeping Car open at 10:00 o'clock. Sundays, 7:05, 9:00 a.m., (12:40 Dining Car), 12:01 night, Sleeping Car open 10:00 o'clock Additional trains for Philadelphia, week days, daily, 8:00 p.m.
Buffet Parlot Cars on all day trains.
For Atlantic City, 7:05, 10:00 a.m., 12:00 noon,

12:40 and 3:00 p.m. week days.

For Cape May, 12:00 noon.

†Except Sunday. \*Daily. †Sunday only.

\*\*IExpress trains.

Baggage called for and checked from botels and residences by Union Transfer Co. on orders left at ticket offices, 619 Pennsylvania avenue n.w., New York averue and 15th street, and at Depot.

WM. M. GREENE, D. B. MARTIN,

Gen. Manager. Mgr. Pass. Traffic. Je7

SOUTHERN RAILWAY. Schedule in effect July 4, 1897.
All trains arrive and leave at Pennsylvania pas

Schedule in effect July 4, 1897.

All trains arrive and leave at Pennsylvania passenger station.

8:12 A.M.—Daily.—Local for Danville, Charlotte and way stations. Connects at Manassas for Strasburg, Harrissohurg and Stauntoa. daily except Sunday, and at Lynchburg with the Norfolk and Western daily, and with the Chesapeake and Ohio daily for the Natural Bridge and Lexington.

11:15 A.M.—Daily.—Title UNITED STATES FAST MAIL. Carries Pullman Buffet Sleepers, New York and Washington to Jacksonville, unliting at Salisbury with Paliman Sleeper for Asheville and Hot Springs, N. C. Knoxville, Chattanooga and Nashville, Tenn., and et Charlotte with Pullman Sleeper for Augusta. Paliman Buffet Sleeper New York to New Oricara, connecting at Atlanta for Birmingham and Momphis. Solid train Washington to New Oricara, connecting at Atlanta for Birmingham and Momphis. Solid train Washington to New Oricara, connecting at Atlanta for Birmingham and Momphis. Solid train Washington to New Oricara, connecting at Atlanta for Birmingham and Harrisonburg, daily, except Senday.

4.51 P.M.—Daily.—Local for Charlottesville, 10:43 P.M.—Daily.—Washington NaND SOUTH-WESTERN VESTIBULED LIMITED, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers, Dining Cars and Day Coeches. Pullman Sleepers New York to Nashville, Team., via Asheville, Knoxville and Chattanooga; New York to Taropa, via Charlotte, Columbia, Savannah and Jacksenville, and New York to Memphis, via Birmingiam; New York to New Oricans, via Atlanta and Montgomery. Vestibaled Day Coach Washington to Atlanta. Southern Railway Dining Car Greenshoro to Montgomery.

TRAINS ON WASHINGTON AND OHIO DIVISION leave Washington 6:25 p.m. daily, except Sunday, for Lecaburg, and 6:25 p.m. daily, except Sunday, for Lecaburg, and 6:25 p.m. daily, except Sunday, from Horondon, 8:34 a.m. daily, except Sunday, from Horondon, 8:34 a.m. daily, except Sunday, and 8:30 a.m. daily from Charlottesville.

Thickets, Sleeping Car reservation and information furnished at offices, 511 and 1300 Pennsylvania averue, and at P

WASHINGTON, ALEXANDRIA AND MT. VERNON RAILWAY.

WASHINGTON, ALEXANDRIA AND MT. VERNON RAIL WAY.

FROM STATION, 1345 STREET AND PA. AVE. In effect May 9, 1897.

For Alexandria (week days), 6:30, 7:05, 7:35 ex., 8:00, 8:30 ex., 9:90, 9:50, 10:05 ex., 11:90, 11:45 a.m., 12:95 ex., 12:20, 1:15, 1:45, 2:05 ex., 2:40, 3:00 ex., 3:30, 4:00 ex., 4:15 ex., 4:45, 5:05, 5:20 ex., 5:40, 6:05 ex., 6:25, 7:90, 8:90, 9:90, 10:00, 11:20, 11:30 p.m.

For Alexandria (Sunday only), 8:00, 9:90, 10:90, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30 a.m., 12:00 noon, 12:30, 1:00, 10:20, 2:90, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:90, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:90, 10:20, 11:20 p.m.

For Mount Vernor Dyke and Way Stations (week days): 6:30, 10:05, 11:00 a.m., 12:05, 1:15, 2:05, 3:00, 4:90, 4:15 p.m.

Dyke and Riverside: 7:90, 8:90 p.m.

For Mount Vernon and Way Stations (Sunday only): 9:00, 11:00 a.m., 2:00, 4:00 p.m.

For Arlington and Aqueduct Bridge (week days): 8:00, 8:30, 9:90, 10:05, 11:00, 11:45 a.m., 12:95, 12:20, 1:15, 2:05, 2:40, 3:90, 3:30, 4:00, 4:15, 5:20, 6:05, 6:25, 7:90, 8:90 p.m.

For Arlington and Aqueduct Bridge (Sunday only): 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30 a.m., 12:90 noon, 12:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30 a.m., 12:90 noon, 12:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30 a.m., 12:90, 10:30, 4:00, 4:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:00, 4:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

THROUGH THE GRANDEST SCENERY OP
AMERICA. ALL TRAINS VISTIBULED,
ELECTRIC LIGHTED, STEAM HEATED, ALL
MEALS SERVED IN DINING CARS. STATION SIXTH AND B STREETS.
Schedule in effect May 16, 1897.
2:20 P.M. DAILY—Cincinnati and St. Louis Speclai—Solid train for Cincinnati, Pullman sieepeers
to Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville, Indianapolis
and St. Louis without change. Parlor cars Cincinnati to Chicago. Connects at Covington, Va., for
Virginia Hot Springs.

11:30 P.M. PAILY—F. F. V. Limited—Solid train
for Cincinnati, Pullman sieepeers to Cincinnati,
Lexington and Louisville without change, Pullman compartment car to Virginia Hot Springs,
without change, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, Daily connection for the Springs, Observadays, Daily connection for the Springs, Observation Parlor Car. Sieepeers Cincinnati to Chicago and
St. Louis. CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

10:37 A.M., EXCEPT SUNDAY—Purior entington to Richmond and Richmond to Oldonly rail line, via Penna., R., F. and P. and O. railways.